

The Historie of

hot as molten lead, and as heauy too: God keepe lead out of me,
I neede no more weight then mine owne bowels. I haue led my
rag of Muffins where they are pepperd: there's not three of my
150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to beg during
life: but who comes here?

Enter the Prince,

Prin. What standst thou idle here? lend me thy sword?
Many a noble man lies starke and stiffe,
Vnder the hoooues of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet vnreneng'd. I prethee lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: Turke
Grego. y neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this day,
I haue paid Percy, I haue made him sure,

Prin. He is indeed, and huing to kill thee,
I prethee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be aliue, thou getst not
my sword, but take my pistoll if thou wilt,

Prin. Giue it me: what is it in the case?

Fal. I Hal, 'tis hot, 'tis hot, there's that will sacke a Citie.

The Prince drawes it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sacke.

Prin. What? is it a time to leaue and dally now?

He throwes the bottle at him.

Exit.

Fal. Well, if Percy be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he do come in
my way: so, if he do not, if I come in his willingly let him make a
Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir Walcer
hath: giue me life, which if I can saue, so; if not, honour comes vn-
lookt for, and there's an end.

*Alarum, excursions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn
of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.*

King. I prethee Harry, withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too
much, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. Iohn. Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

Prin. I beseech your Maiestie make vp,
Least your retirement do amaze your friends.

(tent)

King. I will do so: my Lord of Westmerland, lead him to his
West. Come, my Lord, Ile lead you to your tent.

Prin. Lead me, my Lord? I do not neede your helpe,
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive

Henry

The Prince of Wales from succour
Where stain'd nobilitie lies trodden
And rebels armes triumph in murther.

Ioh. We breathe too long.

Our due tie this way lies: For C

Prin. By God, thou hast deceiv'd
I did not thinke thee Lord of
Before, I lou'd thee as a brother
But now, I doe respect thee as a

King. I saw him hold Lord
With lustier maintenance, then
Of such an vngrowne warrior.

Prin. O, this boy lends me

Doug. Another king, they g
I am the Douglas, fatal to all th
That weare those colours on the
That counterfetst the person of

King. The king himselfe, who
So many of his shadowes thou
And not the very king: I haue t
Seeke Percie and thy selfe about
But seeing thou fals't on me so lu
I will assay thee, and defend thy

Doug. I feare thou art another
And yet, in faith, thou bearest th
But mine, I am sure, thou art, wh
And thus I winne thee.

They fight, the King being in d

Prin. Hold vp thy head, vile s
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the
Of valiant Sherly, Stafford, Bla
It is the Prince of Wales, that th
V Who neuer promisseth, but he

They fight, Doug
Cheerely my Lord, how fares yo
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for su
And so hath Clifton to Clifton

King. Stay, and breathe a wh